

# Sympatico

By KALMAN PHILLIPS

**T**eeth so sparkling,  
teeth so bright,  
Teeth a lovely, milky  
white;

Have the smile to make  
men dream, G-L-E-A-M spells  
Gleam.

**R**OGER KIP-  
LINGER switched  
off the turntable.  
The oak-paneled  
conference room in the of-  
fices of Kiplinger and Rorick  
Advertising was completely  
silent as his shaggy-browed  
eyes swept the occupants of  
the deeply cushioned leather  
chairs. His voice was heavy  
with disgust. "Spelling les-  
sons!"

A thin-nosed man cleared  
his throat nervously. "We've  
had considerable success with  
that sort of thing in the past."

"Oh?" The Kiplinger  
scowl was black. "Please get  
through your thick skulls  
that we're not interested in  
the people who bought tooth  
paste yesterday. We're after  
those who are going to buy it  
tomorrow. Our client isn't go-  
ing to waste a coast-to-coast  
radio hookup on a commer-  
cial like that. Get something  
fresh!"

They rose uncomfortably.  
"Oh, Miss Kirby."

The neatly-serged young  
woman with the severe bun at  
the base of her neck and the  
level blue eyes turned. "Yes?"

"How are you com-  
ing along with the station  
line-up?"

"Almost complete."

"Good!" His lips curled  
as he surveyed the apologetic  
males in the room. "I wish I  
could place as much confi-  
dence in you men as I can in  
Miss Kirby. That's all."

Ellen Kirby could feel  
the resentment of the men  
as a prickly feeling between  
her shoulder blades as they  
stepped aside to let her leave  
first. Strangely, however, it  
and Mr. Kiplinger's commen-  
dation failed to elate her to-

day. Something was wrong.

She sat down behind the  
large mahogany desk in her of-  
fice and gazed moodily at the  
papers on it. She didn't know  
what was the matter with her  
lately. It had started again that  
morning, walking to the of-  
fice through the park from her  
apartment. It had something  
to do with the birds singing  
and the fresh smell of the trees  
and grass, and the first golden  
feeling of summer. Being time  
buyer for a top advertising  
agency had suddenly seemed  
an empty accomplishment. She  
had felt this way before,  
increasingly in the past two  
months, but never as depress-  
ingly as today.

She shook her shoulders.  
This was silly. She had work to  
do. Her small chin set firmly,  
she turned to the reports on  
her desk.

The door opened. The  
tall blond girl who was Ellen's  
secretary entered. Her cheeks  
were slightly flushed. "Shall I  
have him come in now?"

"Have whom come in?"

"Mr. Craig - Jefferson T.  
Craig."

"Who is he?"

"The young man who's  
been waiting, remember? He's  
been here since before lunch."

Ellen shrugged her shoul-  
ders irritably. "I'm very busy,  
Adelaide. Have him make an  
appointment for sometime  
next week."

"He can't wait. He says  
his time in town is limited. I  
think you really should see  
him, Miss Kirby."

"Why?"

The other girl hesitated.  
"Well, he's very nice."

Ellen smiled wearily. "Ad-  
elaide, you'd be a lot better off  
if you wouldn't let your heart  
rule your head quite so of-  
ten."

The other girl's eyebrows  
raised slightly. She seemed  
unconvinced. "Shall I tell him  
to come in?"

"Oh, all right." Ellen  
sighed, pushing back the pa-

pers on her desk. People could  
think of more ways of wasting  
her time!

She looked up as a tall  
loose-limbed young man en-  
tered. Her eyelids flickered  
slightly and she felt a queer  
tingling somewhere in the vi-  
cinity of her solar plexus. She  
realized suddenly what Ad-  
elaide had been talking about.  
He *was* nice. It wasn't his fea-  
tures. Actually they weren't  
too regular. It was something  
about the way the little wrin-  
kles sprayed from the edges of  
the pleasant grey eyes, some-  
thing to do with the good  
white teeth and the ruffled  
eyebrows and the friendly,  
completely unselfconscious  
way he was smiling - as though  
he liked her personally. Ellen  
felt warm - warm and a little  
confused. "Please sit down."

"Thank you."

Alarm bells chimed in  
her mind as he pushed a big  
chair nearer her desk and re-  
laxed into it. Her voice had  
trembled. This was silly. This  
wouldn't do at all. Just be-  
cause a man had grey eyes that  
looked directly into hers and  
birds had sung in the park in  
the morning was no reason  
for her nerve ends to flutter in  
that erratic way. She frowned  
and looked at her watch. "I  
can give you exactly 10 min-  
utes, Mr. Craig."

The ruffled eyebrows  
went up. He took a pipe  
and tobacco from his pocket  
and started to fill the pipe.  
His fingers were deliberate,  
unhurried. He lit the pipe,  
puffed deeply, and a satisfied  
cloud of smoke floated gently  
toward the ceiling. He crossed  
his long legs and smiled at  
Ellen. She swallowed. "Uh -  
well -- aren't you going to say  
anything?"

He shrugged. "Not much  
I can say in 10 minutes that  
would do much good."

"I'm sorry, but I'm very  
busy."

"The Gleam Toothpaste  
Campaign?"

"Mostly."

"Ah." He puffed deeply,  
reflecting. There was a long  
pause. Ellen fidgeted. He took  
the pipe out of his mouth.  
"Mind a suggestion?"

"Not at all."

"Use KDAL in Vancou-  
ver."

Ellen's brow furrowed. "I  
don't seem to know it. What  
network is it on?"

"No network. It's an in-  
dependent."

She smiled deprecatingly.  
"We very seldom use non-net-  
work stations."

"I know. That's the trou-  
ble with you big advertising  
agencies. Fixed ideas. No vi-  
sion. You need talking to." He  
looked at his watch. "Oh-oh.  
Time's up." He rose.

She blinked. "You haven't  
told me what you wanted to  
see me about."

He looked pained.  
"Frankly, Miss Kirby, I dislike  
discussing business during  
business hours. It's too - well  
- too cold-blooded. Too much  
of this 10-minute stuff."

"But why did you come,  
then?"

"To establish sympatico."  
He paused at the door. "Miss  
Kirby, would you mind my  
making an observation?"

"Why, no. Not at all."

"You have the loveliest  
blue eyes I have ever seen."  
The door closed behind him.

**E**LLEN JUST sat  
there gaping at it.  
Her face felt warm.  
She was aware sud-  
denly that her heart was beat-  
ing fast enough to make her  
conscious of it. What was the  
matter with her? Just because  
an obviously eccentric young  
man said...

Ellen rose. She walked  
slowly to the closet, opened  
the door and gazed intently  
into the deep, dark-lashed eyes  
looking back at her from the  
mirror. Her knees felt weak,  
and she was curiously light-  
headed. She frowned, bit her

lip suddenly, and went back  
to her desk. She was a practi-  
cal, successful young business-  
woman. There was no stardust  
on her eyelashes.

Nevertheless she lingered  
on the way home that even-  
ing through the early sum-  
mer twilight, gazing into shop  
windows. Tailored suits failed  
to capture her attention. It  
was the dream stuff with the  
moonbeam-like sequins and  
misty lace that held her fast.  
She paused in front of one  
window. The dress was white  
tulle, with a snug waist and a  
sweeping skirt. A crimson ca-  
mellia clung where the skirt  
flared. The small neat card be-  
neath it said, "For That Spe-  
cial Date."

Ellen looked at the dress  
for a long time. A fullness rose  
in her throat, and she glanced  
away. She had a dream dress -  
she'd bought it for herself last  
Christmas in a sentimental  
mood - but she'd never worn  
it. There hadn't been any oc-  
casion to.

She had trained a sexless  
impersonality into her man-  
ner. And she had made the  
office her life. Ellen was 25,  
and she had thought she was  
happy. But lately something  
had been happening to her.  
She didn't know what it was,  
but her adjustment seemed to  
be breaking down.

The girl at the desk of the  
apartment hotel said, "Miss  
Kirby."

Ellen paused on the way  
to the elevator and turned  
without interest. Messages,  
though not infrequent, were  
invariably from either the of-  
fice or the woman's business  
club to which she belonged.

"Yes?"

The girl at the desk was  
smiling at her in a friendly,  
half-envious way.

Ellen's eyelids flickered.  
She had always suspected  
that the girl had thought her  
something of a pill. The girl

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